The wife I chooſe, there can be no euaſion,
To blench from this and to ſtand firme by honor,
We turne not backe the ſilkes vpon the marchant
When we haue ſoild them, nor the remainder viands,
We do not throw in vnreſpectiue ſine,
Becauſe we now are full, it was thought meete
*Paris* ſhould do ſome vengeance on the Greekes.
Your breth with full conſent bellied his ſailes,
The ſeas and winds (old wranglers) tooke a truce:
And did him ſeruice, hee toucht the ports deſir'd,
And for an old aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queene, whoſe youth and freſhneſſe,
Wrinckles *Apolloes*, and makes pale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt,
Is ſhe worth keeping? why ſhee is a pearle,
Whoſe price hath laun'ſh't aboue a thouſand ſhips:
And turn'd crown'd Kings to Marchants,
If youle auouch twas wiſdome *Paris* went,
As you muſt needs, for you all cri'd go, go,
If youle confeſſe be brought home worthy prize:
As you muſt needs, for you all, clapt your hands,
And cry'd ineſtimable: why do you now
The yſſue of your proper wiſdomes rate,
And do a deed that neuer fortune did,
Beggar the eſtimation, which you priz'd
Richer then ſea and land? O theft moſt baſe,
That wee haue ſtolne, what we do feare to keepe.
But theeues vnworthy of a thing ſo ſtolne:
That in their country did them that diſgrace,
We feare to warrant in our natiue place.

*Enter Caſſandra rauing.*

*Caſſ.* Cry Troyans cry:
*Priam.* What noiſe? what ſhrike is this?
*Troy.* Tis our madde ſiſter I do know her voice,
*Caſſ.* Cry Troyans. *Hect.* It is *Caſſandra*!
*Caſſ.* Cry Troyans cry, lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick teares.
*Hect.* Peace ſiſter peace.

*Caſſ.*



*Caſſ.* Virgins and boyes, mid-age, and wrinckled elde
Soft infancie, that nothing canſt but crie,
Adde to my clamours: let vs pay be-times
A moytie of that maſſe of mone to come:
Crie *Troyans* crye, practiſe your eyes with teares,
Troy muſt not bee, nor goodly Ilion ſtand.
Our fire-brand brother *Paris* burnes vs all,
Crie Troyans crie, a *Helen* and a woe,
Crie, crie, Troy burnes, or elſe let *Hellen* goe. *Exit.*
*Hect.* Now youthfull *Troylus*, do not theſe high ſtraine
Of diuination in our Siſter, worke
Some touches of remorſe? or is your bloud
So madly hott, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor feare of bad ſucceſſe in a bad cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame?
*Troy.* Why brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the iuſtneſſe of each act
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes,
Becauſe *Caſſandra's* madde, her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſt the goodneſſe of a quarrell,
Which hath our ſeuerall honors all engag'd,
To make it gratious. For my priuate part,
I am no more toucht then all *Priams* ſonnes:
And *Ioue* forbid there ſhould be done amongſt vs,
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleene,
To fight for and maintaine.
*Par.* Elſe might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counſells,
But I atteſt the gods, your full conſent,
Gaue wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All feares attending on ſo dire a proiect,
For what (alas) can theſe my ſingle armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To ſtand the puſh and enmitie of thoſe
This quarrell would excite? Yet I proteſt
Were I alone to paſſe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,